

Tucson, AZ

No 4



Free

THE
CLOSE

Going
Homo!

June '94

the
riotous
STONEWALL

25

issue!!

packed full
of
subversive
homo goodness!!



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SECTION

I am
a
faggot

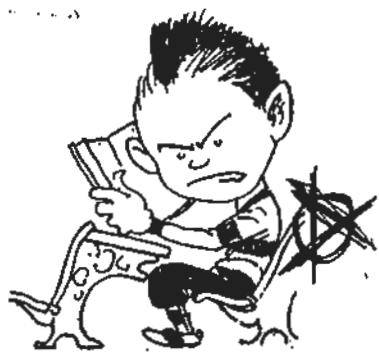


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Yo, homos! : Just because yr stuff is found in this rag, don't mean yr queer (but you should be so lucky!). Opinions expressed in Going Homo do not necessarily reflect that of the publishers (yours truly). Sexual, artistic, or literary references to males refer to males who are over the age of 18. Going Homo is put out whenever I get enough fun stuff sent in by YOU, the homo masses yearning to be queer. All submissions become property of Going Homo.

MANY THANKS GO TO: MISS JIM, FIVER, SEAN CAPONE,
FRAN OF BOINK! zine, KURT COBAIN, for being honest &
supportive of the queer community; the brave souls at the
Stonewall Inn 25 yrs ago; to every fag & dyke & bi & TV & TS who
are courageously fighting ~~against~~ oppression.

editorial



As Meliti and his christian fascist goons collect signatures for their hate initiative, we gays & lesbians here in Tucson just sit & wait. Or so the NLGTF would have us do. According to the latest update we have been advised to "lay low" until those fuckers bring in enough names to put the measure on the November '94 ballot. This has greatly tied the hands of the THRC & the AFF (Tucson Human Rights Coalition & the Arizonans For Fairness) since they are counting on the NLGTF to fund the state-wide campaign.

HURL

Luckily, some of us will not follow the mainstream party line. The Lesbian Avengers, a direct action group of feisty dykes, were invited to come over here to help us in the campaign to fight the Right. (they are also helping ~~queers~~ ^{queers} in other states fight their own hate initiatives).

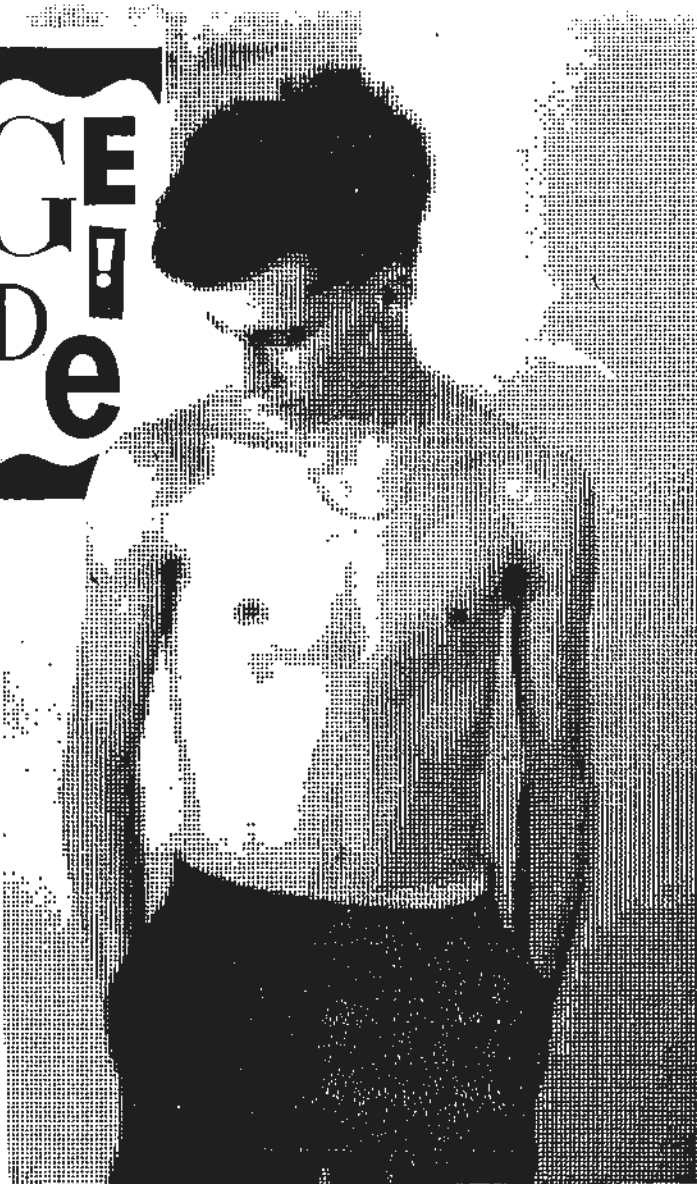
I was privileged to attend the general meeting & although much anger was addressed to the status quo thinking and the blatant profiteering of the local gay establishment some good came out of the meeting. Two ideas in particular were stressed during the meeting:

- 1. That the "official" strategy of the mainstream gay organizations does not equal the "correct" or "only" strategy. What individuals & small groups do are equally as valid (this might sound obvious but to have it articulated & validated was mind-blowing).
- 2. That the hate initiative should galvanize us as a community, in effect

(cont'd p35)

A PAGE 4 D u D e

James Henry



This issue's page 4 dude sent in
by the editor of BOINK! 'zine.
(See zine reviews, pg. 11)
Send photos of cutz dudes to:
Stephen Dodalus/GH
P.O. Box 3403
TUCSON, AZ 85722

not matter (if it doesn't pass in '94, it'll resurface in '95, & later). It is organizing ourselves into an out & proud community that is the main goal of activism.

Whatever the result, it's the sharing and the grassroots community-building that should come out of this initiative that tries to drive a wedge between us & our basic human rights.



This zine can only continue if You submit stuff to fill these pages. As you can tell I can't write for shit. So PLEASE I need articles on stuff you're into, especially MUSIC REVIEWS! any thing on anarcho-queer politics, HELL, ANYTHING That is provocative & sexy. and remember,

FIGHT THE RIGHT!



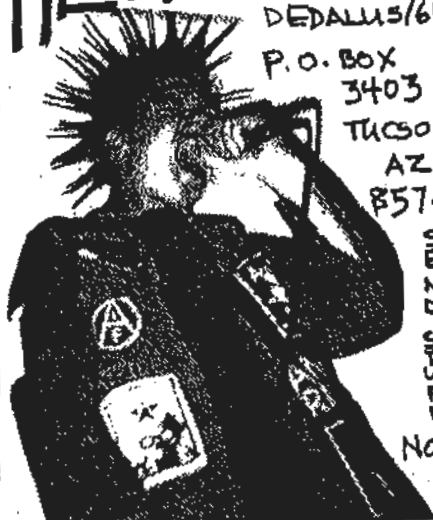
Sorry about the lousy handwriting & the messy shape of this issue. Access to a MAC was hard to come by & the printer screwed up on Miss Jim's article (sorry Miss Jim!). Please read his article despite the mess & small type. It is great. Until next issue

queerly yours w/ the struggle.
- Stephen Dedalus
CEO & Founding member
GOING HOME publications

HEY!

queer, homo, punk
cocksuckin', jock
sniffin', ~~homo~~-fag:
I need cool crap!
for dis here rag!
NOW!!! SEND STUFF TO:

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DEDALUS/6H
P.O. BOX
3403
TUCSON
AZ
85722



SEND STUFF
NOW!

New
planet-approved

Birth Control

Strategy:

Permanent sound-
proof Dental Dam for
the Pope...

MMM! RMMM! GMMM! MMMM!!



Read Miss Jim's article on pg 18!!

CH 16, 1994

OBSERVER

Tucson's lame

← bar rag →

OBSERVER

MARCH 16, 1994

MARCH 23, 1994

LETTERSLETTERSLETTERS ETTERSLETTERSLETTERS

EDITOR:

For once, it appears that the "Good News" Magazine actually contains some good news! On page 24 of their March issue, publisher Adam Colwell points out that the ballot initiative to dispose of Gay rights laws is in trouble and unlikely to be approved. Colwell's article bears the title, "It's not the right timing." Of course he's absolutely right; they are about 25 years too late!

The article then goes on to quote Cathi Herrod who is Arizona representative for the right wing group Concerned Women for America:

"There are several dynamics in Arizona. The homosexual community, on the most part, is not made up of radical activists like it is in other parts of the country, so they don't incite opposition from mainstream people. ACT-UP is not out defacing buildings or throwing condoms in church services like they are in California and New York. That makes it harder to oppose them, from a political strategy point of view.

Sometimes we can learn much from our enemies. The Gay movement needs to realize that for progress to occur, we need to convince those mainstream people that we're decent and respectable. Militancy and arrogance are not effective tools for winning friends and influencing people.

Paul S. Lotsof

PAGE TWENTY

LETTERSLETTERSLETTER ETTERSLETTERSLETTERS

EDITOR:

I was dismayed and disgusted by Paul Lotsof's letter to the editor (Observer, March 16, 1994). Does he really think we can achieve progress by cow towing to the right, by bowing and scraping to heterosexuals, by saying that if we act nice and submissive then straights will "like" us? Paul, wake up! We don't need to convince anyone of anything! Acceptance and approval from straights are not the goals of the Gay movement; self respect and dignity are. That is true progress.

In this 25th anniversary year of the Stonewall Riots, you should remember that the gains we first achieved did not come from "decent and respectable" Gays in suits simpering politely for our rights, but from queers who didn't care what straights thought of them. Must we ("militant" queers) fight assimilationist trash like you as well as the fundy right? Paul, if you want to be a "steppin' fetchit" Gay, be warned. Angry queers will bury vile collaborator like you!

Stephen Dedalus - Tucson

The letter on the left epitomizes the assimilationist mentality of many gays in this town.

My response is on the right. No one responded to my letter nor did any one else comment on Paul Lotsof's letter. Maybe everyone was too tired from dancing at the bars.

Art Page

THANKS TO THE EDITOR OF BUNK! FOR THIS PICTURE!

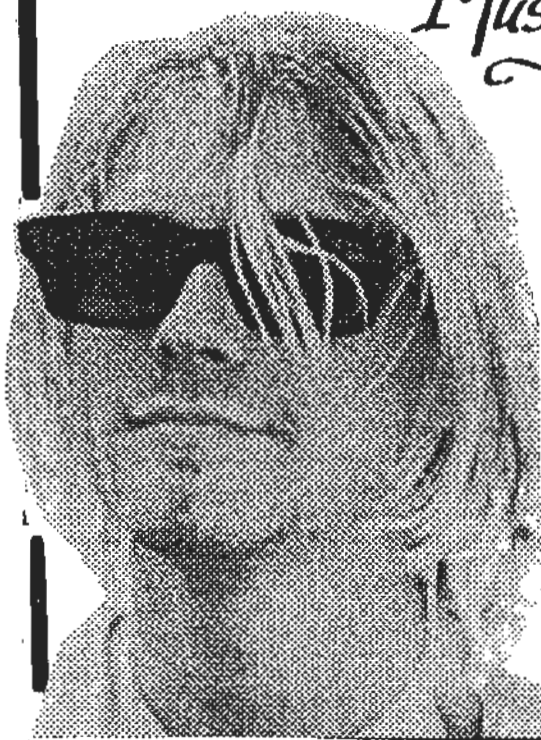


Thank to Brian Dubey
for these drawings!



send art
(b+w or
photos) to:
Stephen
Dedalus/GH
P.O. Box 3403
TUCSON, AZ
85722

Music Tribute



in memoriam
Kurt Cobain
1967-1994

I was at work and the radio was on. At first the announcer was hesitant. A body of a blond male in his twenties was found at the Cobain residence. Ominously, things were going wrong at work. I tried changing the syrup on the soda machine and the cap popped open and drenched me in sticky syrup. Drains were stopped up. The john flooded.

I cut myself on a piece of glass. Ominous. The announcer was on the radio again. She confirmed it was the body of Kurt Cobain. Friday, April 8, 1994.

I really don't care much about "celebrities". Mostly they're products of the media and I have more important things to do than get myself involved in the tawdry boring life of a "star". Even the crushes I have on cute young male celebrities are silly, really. Yes, when Nirvana broke big time and I saw Kurt Cobain, I had a slight crush: he was cute and scruffy and maybe slightly demented.

It wasn't until I saw his face on the cover of that ol' warhorse the Advocate that my interest was peaked. Big Rock Star Kurt Cobain on the cover of a fag rag? I read the interview. WOW! I was really impressed on his stance of gay rights. He admitted he would probably live a bisexual life had he not married Courtney the Fag Hag Love (she was quoted as saying "give gays our phone number"). His run in with that fucker Axl Rose. He played during a NO on 9 benefit (a benefit to stop the Hate initiative in Oregon). Here was a celebrity I

would actually want to talk with. Maybe trade stories of growing up with (his was none too happy. He was assumed to be gay by the macho rednecks in Aberdeen; most of his friends were gay. He would spray paint "God is Gay" and "Homosexual sex rules" to piss off the townsfolk).

Then In Utero came out. Kick ass screaming and wailing, with Kurt's voice all hoarse and fuzzy and sexy, declaiming "What else could I say, everyone is gay." My mind began to wander. Maybe Courtney would shlep him to a queerzine conference and I could meet him. We'd go someplace and talk and hold hands. I laughed at how silly that sounded, but he seemed like a person I could actually talk with.

He decided to put a gun to his head and pull the trigger. There is no going back.

I played In Utero and cried. Cried because I'll never get to meet him. Cried for all the misfits and queers who see no alternative and need escape from the narrow, unbending morons who make up this planet. Cried in anger that a major corporation could sit by while their "product" self destructed.

A friend of mine said that the Geffen Corporation are sad over Kurt's death because they've lost

their major cash cow. I chided him for being so cynical, but deep down I had to admit he was right. Did fame eat Kurt alive or would he have offed himself had he stayed on a smaller label? or if he decided to be a plumber or a dishwasher?

Kurt, my queer, misfit brother. In all the articles in all the glossy rags about your life and untimely death, no one mentioned your interview with the Advocate, the one interview you were most proud of. I hope you like this tribute. We'll miss you.

Whatever you may think of Nirvana's music, wherever you stand in the indie vs major label controversy, one thing is certain: A queer positive young man is dead by our hands.

GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK HISTORY



Anthony Kiedis (RHCP) plants a wet one on Eddie Vedder (Pearl Jam). Are those wedding bells for these rocker hunks?

HERE BEGINNETH THE...

ZINE REVIEWS

Lots of fellow zinesters have been sending me their zines in trade for mine. Yea! Here are just some of the neat stuff I've gotten:

➡ Fuh Cole #4.

Hardcore queer zine. Scathing putdowns + bitterness spewed at assimilationist + hetero-imitative "gays" who do not deserve to live. Includes: letters; Dave's diary for the Spew 3 conference; a wonderful put down of Bob + Bud Jackson-PARIS (those 2 muscle-queens make me sick!); a great interview with author James Robert Baker, who wrote Tim + Pete; zine reviews. A mini-mag insert with TOP 11 lists, including "TOP 11 reasons for gays to kill themselves." I thought all this was harsh + fucked up... until the Chris Diele affair. Now I'm a Fuh Cole fan.

\$3.00 to: DAVE/FC
3540 N. OAKLAND
#5
Milwaukee, WI 53211

➡ ABRUPT LANE EDGE #3

Humor filled zine from Chris. Includes:
A Lesbian Avenger dyke manifesto (yea!);
A love letter to Kurt Cobain (when he was alive); drawing by Anonymous Boy; a queer punk feels left out at a dance at a University "Gay" function; A punk dyke at a Pride March; Dumpster diving; flirting with 2 straight boys; much more.

\$1.00 to Chris Wilde
Box 80570
Minneapolis, MN
55408

➡ YOUR FACE + MY ASS #2.

Another cool zine from Minneapolis (what is with the Midwest + great queer zines?!)

includes: a rant by Kevin,
A hot tale of bisexual lust;
a story about a flasher;
a bisexual guy who is
tired of the dreary
choices in gay male
porn, so he buys
some lebo-porn; the
YF+MA guide to straight-
bashing in Mpls; zine
reviews; a reprint on
queer anarchist + radicals.

\$2.00 to YF+MA
P.O. Box 80089

Minneapolis, MN
55408

➡ POSITRON

#3. Hot layout +
great production
values. This is a
queer x sXe zine
with lots of pictures
of cute ~~guy~~ shirtless
guys in bands + in the
audience. Includes
the essay reprinted
here. also: zine
reviews, interview
with Splitboy; interview
with Nothing, a sXe zine;
more.

\$1.00 to Positron
P.O. Box 477469
Chicago, IL 60647

➡ BOINK! #2

Nice zine (but
I'd like to see more
articles), loaded
with pictures of
cute boys, mostly
with their shirts off.
(the pictures are,
unfortunately, heavily
bit-mapped). Includes
an interview with
the punk band The Queers
(and no, they're not, but
they're cool anyway)
and 1000 Young

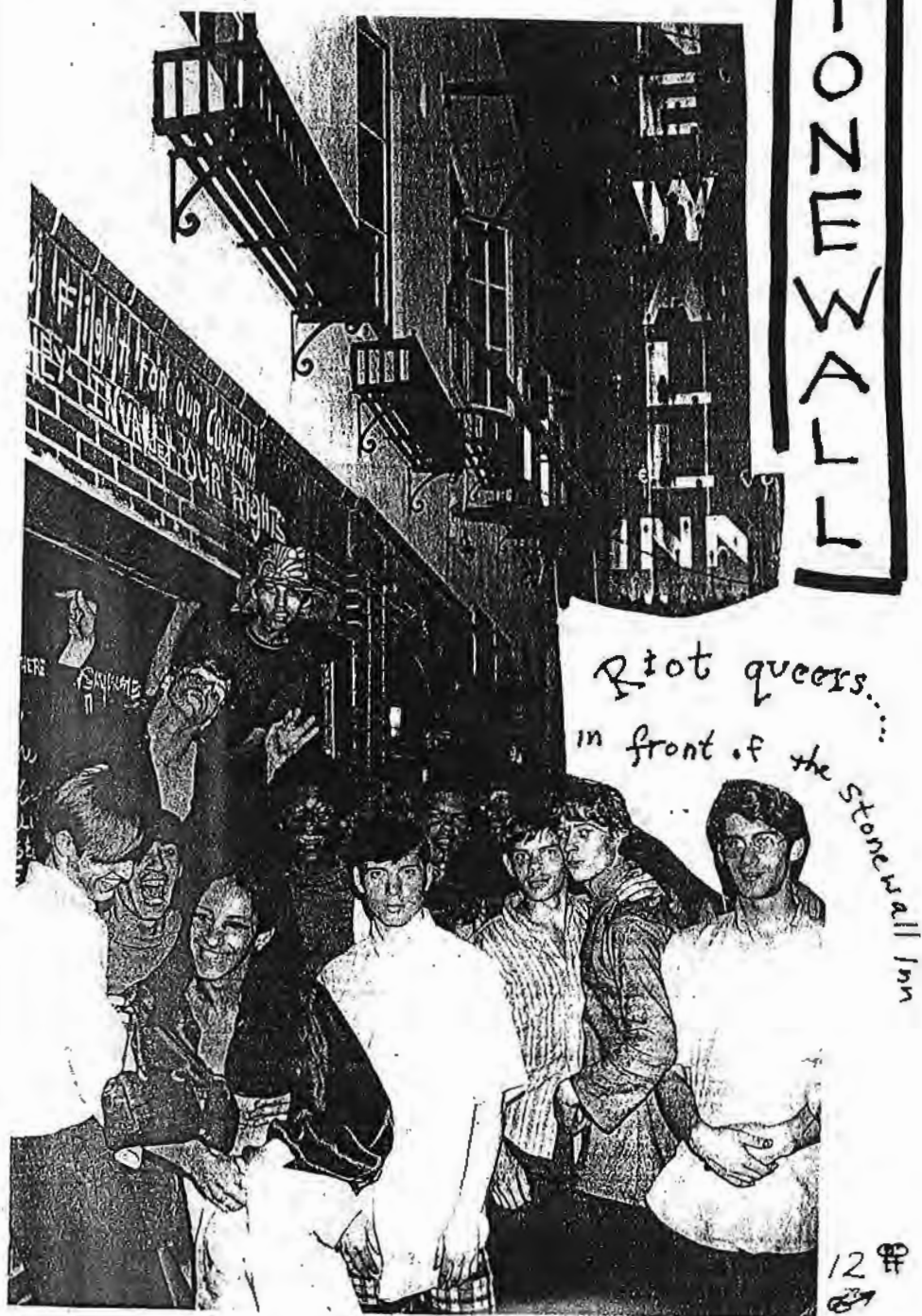
(very cute!);
A rant against M.A.R.S.
(Musicians Against Racism-
Sexism) that are
anything but; a cute
pickup boys, including
River Phoenix + Eddie
Vedder; some drawing
by Anonymous Boy.
\$2.00 (??) from
BOINK!

847A Second Ave
#245
NEW YORK, NY 10017
(more zines, pg 17)



Some Thoughts on . . .

STONEWALL



Riot queers...
in front of the Stonewall Inn

Twenty-five years ago in late June, some pissed off, fed up street queers + assorted other queers cried "Enough".

Judy had just died, + sitting in the mob-controlled bar - the Stonewall Inn - , swirling watered down booze just made it even more depressing.

The last straw came when the police raided the bar as they did every so often. That night was different.

Fed up faggots were standing up for themselves. Police cars were burned, parking meters were thrown, + the police were stunned that sissy queers could actually fight back.

The above scenario is the legend of the Stonewall Riots.

Although gays did eventually fight back, initially people were put into paddy wagons without a fight. The raid was primarily on the bar itself (selling liquor without a license), + not on the customers. And when the riots

started, some one tried to get a chant of "GAY POWER" going. No one followed.

A common misconception is that before Stonewall gay life was all oppression + hiding, + that after Stonewall came liberation + freedom. The Stonewall Riots were a culmination of frustration + activism, + which in turn were a catalyst for much direct action + radical politics (after all, the riots took place in 1969).

Many radical soon fashioned groups based on the Black Panthers + Marine groups. The riots gave birth to the Gay Liberation Front.

Those who were involved in the early gay liberation movement were much like today's "queers".

Radicals, fighting the stodgy mainstream Mattachine Society who wanted to show straight we were all good wholesome law abiding citizens who just happen to love members of the same sex (sound familiar?).

"I'll machine society posted
this notice during the riots:

"We homosexuals plead
with our people to please
help maintain peaceful
and quiet conduct on
the streets of the Village."
In other words, stop causing
trouble.

Unfortunately, soon after
Stonewall we got lazy
& complacent with the few
rights ~~that~~ we had won.
During the late seventies
most gay men would
rather dance the night
away at a disco or
fuck like bunnies like
there was no tomorrow
than fight the
capitalist, heterosexist
consumer culture.

("Sorry, honey, I'm not
political.")

The legacy of Stonewall
should not be yuppie
gays wearing pride
pins during power lunches,
it should not be 2

hetero-imitative men
planning a church
wedding and register-
ing their church pattern
at Bloomin's. The

legacy of Stonewall
are gays disrupting
straight society
(and straight-imitating
gay society).

It's holding up a mirror
to straight society &
saying: this is how
you are! Don't try
to change us into
a parody of you.
We don't need you
to like us. ~~We will~~
get our rights
that every human
being is born with
(whether you accept us
or not).

Ultimately, we will
see the legacy
of Stonewall:

Dignity & Strength.
With the first
comes the second.

DYKES
+
FAGS
F S U



**PROMOTE
HOMOSEXUALITY**

**INCITE
QUEERNESS**

ESSAY by Sean Capone

(this essay appeared originally in the JAN '94 issue of MRR. Sean Capone does the queer *S+Ev zine Position = see zine reviews)

The original title for this piece was "Why I Hate Bisexuals." While it is not truly intended to be an all-out attack on bi folks, god knows they get enough shit, it is an attempt to provide a (queer) response to the recent popularization of ambiguous or indecisive sexual politics (pseudo-bisexuality) within popular culture, punk rock, and even within individuals who are finding it necessary to deal with the issue, which I find problematic and frustrating.

First of all, many homo boys who I meet, at least within punk rock, are in fact bi, and that's a beautiful thing, as long as it's genuine. I think it's wonderful for people to find equal fulfillment, physically and emotionally, with people of all genders. openness, experimentation, freeing yourself from restrictive, constructed desires and all that crap. My past few beats have been bisexual. I too have 'been' with women. But I can't really relate to that experience because I can't remember a time when I wasn't interested in just boys. I can't remember a time when I have ever incorporated women into my emotional or sexual fantasy life (besides the standard period of closeted denial). I always have felt closer to boys, more in touch with the boy experience, even when, especially when, it was gross and hurtful. So sexually I've gone from forced, self-denying relationships with women, from there to my own openness about being bisexual, omnisexual or whatever the fuck, anything people could call it, to what I feel now, which is, politely, a pointed lack of interest or passion in such acts. I can comfortably, even definitely, say I'm

queer.

So there is this conception that the gay community hates bisexuals. Bis have had to be extra loud, even within the 'movement,' to be recognized as a group who shares similar desires and experiences, well half of the time at least. As 'wrong' as this seems I would be lying if I said I didn't understand this feeling of resentment. This is just from my experience, okay. My experience has been, more than once, one in which I've been

dumped by boys who became more interested in girls. It's not just that...whether my heart got broken because of a girl or another boy shouldn't matter, right? The trouble is that bisexuality so many times gives the person the privilege to stay safe within the socially comfortable straight relationship. For them that option exists. And many stay there or have that part of their life to explore, keeping the other side secret. Any glance at the classifieds in any city weekly confirms this. "Wanted. BiWM seeks young attractive WM for discrete weekend fun, no commitments." Read this as: I want to sneak away from the wife for a couple of days to be serviced, no strings attached. I say no thanks because gay people, just like straight people, are not your fucking tool. You say you want to fuck every body cuz sex is good and no one will you who to fuck and who not to. That's perfectly reasonable. But I have the right to date just gay boys if I want, and I feel like I should be able to fall in love with someone else who can understand what it's like not having the option. Because falling in love is not easy, no light matter, and I want to do it with someone who understands the value of this love, value it in its scarcity, there aren't many of 'us' around. Perhaps the resentment stems from the fact that bis have the choice to be straight, whereas, for example, I myself, had to take a stand as it were, had to really fight against that just to feel secure about my desires. And it's not just jealousy...to want to be straight is self-hatred in a big way. We're not talking about two equally represented paradigms here, the 'straight' and the 'gay'...because being 'gay' still means being in opposition to dominant 'straight' culture, and while for bisexuals, being queer could just be a fun weekend activity (or they could be queer til the day they die, don't get me wrong, but the option's there), for gay boys and girls, the decision to be out is a much more serious matter. It's not all the same because there are different experiences between heterosexual couples and homo couples in our culture and under what circumstances we can engage in them right now. And

"I might be gay." Perhaps some of you might remember this line which opened up one of Kent McClard's famous "Three Things" essay in a long-ago issue of No Answers. The point of Kent's article was that there was no way he could know whether or not he had homosexual desire because of the way his desires were constructed. He was opening up the possibility that homosexual yearning was okay. At the time I read it, before I was out, it was an amazing and...liberating article. But now I have some very different opinions about people who assert those attitudes.

port because they are the only ones saying anything about it, how the fuck can you politicize and revolutionize sexuality without even having the desire for it? That flies in the face of people who DO

celority, and people who choose to live with a minority may often live consciously to make being gay a not-so-damned possibility. No, I don't support people in this outrageous act, and I can't sympathize with those who use it as a political commission (and on my own selfish part, I don't have love for women to fall back on when I was too scared to be myself, it caught it just as easy for these persons to be the gay who's outrageous demands it.

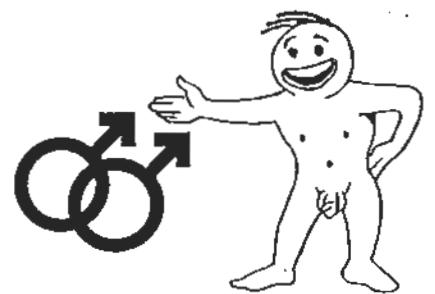
So I guess it's there, anything that it's what it is, life, money, sexuality, or people who want to hide behind ambiguity to cover their own reluctance or fear to look at their desires honestly. The thing is that you know, in your heart what you love, and you don't have to mark yourself to feel or lead others to believe that you should be anything other than what you are. Believe me, when I see a writer this time and emotion of those who may seek you, it's a damn good thing behind an ambiguity that is so relevant and importance to some people's lives, but if it to be reduced or appropriated because the people who want to have a choice but to push it out, without having to convince or prove it to themselves or others, I say this because things that people have don't specifically to state that lives are being appropriated and misused. When hands use pills, images on their records, you, when we editors say **SILENCE=DEATH** to talk about things not related to other issues (AIDS as a queer issue specifically), when people are speaking against homophobia and coping queer actions and sensibilities as their own order to prove a point, I want them to know whose language they are appropriating, how they are using people's lives as props and want them to back up what I see as a harmful and dishonest action. It's cheap when people who are not out spokenly say are exploiting the terminology which gay people use to be out spoken. In doing so we are absorbed back into the framework, reformulated according to the needs and ideologies of ambiguity, some mythical territory in which we all enjoy secretly. I want to draw, flash her because I WANT to be known, not to camouflage

from that framework that the things I say and do are for other gay people. First of all, we are all human beings, first and foremost, but the fact is we are human beings who have different needs, experiences, political ideas and histories, and certain people will be able to find support ONLY from certain other people who share a collective common experience of living in a culture which is illegitimate and groups overvalued. This

language is not meant for everyone. The article is not meant for everyone, but that's okay...the point is to address things the way you know how, that's practical, and on your own terms.

Okay, I don't want to stray too far off from what I started off talking about. The point is not to isolate bisexuals from my life. The downside of my experiences with bi boys has been that I am now afraid that this type of flakiness is all I'm ever going to deal with. And I've played both sides of the field, from loving flaky straight boys to having straight girls love me. The act, the sex, means nothing, for those who may confuse sex with sexuality. It's not the action but heart of the lover that drives it. It's how you nurture, it's who you share, know...love; it is simple. Having an 'open' sexuality is not about forcing yourself to do something you don't want to do, or which is hurtful to others. Having an open sexuality is about facing off and being honest and loving with your partner, and with yourself, foremost. I have done it, or I try at least, and I would expect no less from my lover. So please keep this in mind the next time you might be gay...YOU BETTER WORK. Just work it now girl, you go. And don't expect someone else to have to do it all for you.

Queer not Beer; Bi not High; Notes from a Straight Queer,



illus. by Rick Campbell. Thanks Rick!

ADVERTISEMENT 1 2 3

from the faggot that brings you GOING HOME:
A NEW ZINE!!

FORE-zine

dedicated to
the intact
(uncircumcised)
d i c k

out
in
July!!

FEED MY OBSESSION!!
GET COOL INFO + PICTURES ON
FORESKIN! TOTALLY FRENKY + FUN!
AS USUAL, I'll need submissions of
articles, artwork, stupid foreskin tricks...

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TO GET FORE-ZINE send ^(E)₃
\$2.00 + 2 29¢ stamps +
statement that you are over 21
to: STEPHEN DEDALUS/ FZ
P.O. BOX 3403, TUCSON, AZ 85722
AVAILABLE THRU THE MAIL ONLY!!

more zine reviews (from pg 11)
These 2 non-queer zines ACTUALLY
GAVE REVIEWS OF THIS LITTLE OL'
RAG!

→ Prisoner's Dilemma #8:
#84#2 was reviewed in their #7. I
wrote a letter saying how cool it was
that they recognized queers in the line
to actually review a queerzine. They
printed my letter in #8, plus a
positive review of #84#3. Lots of
HC music reviews, an interview w/ a
Buddhist, more. Guys, you are the
coolest!! P.O. Box 3403, Tucson, AZ 85722

→ Neptune's Bride #2: the editor
actually sent me a copy since my
zine was reviewed. Classy. Good point:
5 ways to make the god people that
up SEXISM IS... ; reviews
P.O. Box 1566, Tucson AZ 85702

SUPPORT QUEERZINES!
(SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL)
'ZINE SCENE
FUCK CORPORATE MAGAZINES!

The Ecology of Queers by Miss Jim

On May 16th, 1993 the planet's human population reached 5.5 billion, according to estimates of the Population Reference of Washington D. C. (It took 130 years from 1800 to 1930 to grow from one to two billion.) These days the planet adds another billion people every eleven years, 250,000 every day

The primary difference between heterosexual and homosexual activities is, unless you're using turkey baster filled with semen as a sex toy, you're not going to get pregnant. For this reason, queer sex is ecological sex. And the promotion of pregnancy as a wonderful option in life is perverted. How many people can the planet support before the resources run out? And is it already too late? Are we, as individuals, powerless over the mating rituals of the heterosexual?

It does seem as if the population is going to spread across the globe like a fungus on a rotting vegetable. It seems inevitable. We stand by in disbelief as corporate and religious institutions, (basically the same thing), focus on sex for the sake of having more children, to sell their products and their philosophies of heterosexism. Plots on TV and the movies endlessly run the tired old image of the heterosexual fantasy. Political agendas are formed with the husband-wife in mind. And the economic structure just loves a nuclear family. Heterosexuality is good for business. Children are the consumers of tomorrow.

But at 250,000 additional people a day, the heterosexual agenda is doomed. The resources are diminishing at the same rate the population is increasing. The orphanages are full. Unwanted children are left to starve or fend for themselves. And the prospects for the rest of us aren't much better as we spread war across the planet to scavenge the little bit that's left. Radioactivity, carcinogens, deforestation, ozone holes, and the whole mess are the debris of heterosexist society.

Yes, queers have kids too, and this adds to the problem. But, to borrow a line from the Catolics, I'm not against heterosexuals, just the practice of heterosexuality. And if, for some sorry reason, a queer bends to the pressures of pregnancy worship, be it for fixing a failed relationship or to fill a gap in their empty lives, then they are just as much a part of the problem.

For when we bring children into this world, without any idea of how to feed those children, it's child abuse. It's time to value the living over the unborn. Bringing another billion children onto the planet won't make life better, but caring about those already here just might.

Many people feel they must have children because they want to continue their own particular line of genetic wonderfulness. They cover their eventual demise with at least two others so they can feel the thrill of procreation and immortality. This desire is basically racist, definitely classist and terribly ignorant. The people already living have an intrinsic value. Just because you don't care to see their value over your own ideas of genetic perfection doesn't diminish their value. Genetic superiority is racist because it allows millions to die of neglect so that personal prejudice can be appeased. Genetic superiority is classist because it allows millions to die of neglect so that the luxury of a traditional nuclear family can be had while ignoring the effects of that decision both socially and environmentally.

This hetero-frenzy is difficult to escape, and unfortunately many queers get caught up in it and allow their otherwise healthy feelings to be perverted by an environmentally insane concept. It's sad when queers have children just to prove they're not queer. Children are born as trophies. And when queers have children because they want to prove that queers are just as normal as any hetero family, it is even sadder. These children are ornaments laid on the altar of the heterosexist cult which demands assimilation and blind obedience. These queers sacrifice a world where love makes a family for the nodding approval of crazed fanatics.

But, the good news is, there are alternatives. You can escape this maze of consumerism and hetero-frenzy. By developing your basic human condition of solitude into a creative + spiritual experience, thus allowing

yourself to define your own family based on love you can find two legitimate alternatives.

Solitude is considered anti-social and possibly mentally ill by the clergy of heterosexism. They believe no one in their right mind could possibly choose to be alone. Not when you could be in a house full of screaming dysfunctionals living together in the name of "family". It's just not normal. But more and more people are figuring it out. Time spent alone can be sacred. We enter into ourselves and nourish our inner resources. We define our capacity to love. And we take time to heal. Creativity springs from these times and shows us our values as spiritual and intellectual beings. Our social lives are enhanced by what we learn during times of solitude because we bring these lessons to other people as gifts to be shared.

A family of friends is a solution to the house of detention known as the nuclear family. By defining your own family you form relationships based on caregiving and love. The structure of these relationships rests on a shared language of consent. Communication leads to understanding, (but not necessarily agreement), and shared resources within these intentional families is environmentally friendly. The current trends in consumerism demand that we all own separate sets of each item produced. Every successful nuclear family unit must have one of everything. Whether the item is ever used or used very often is not of concern. The family identity rests simply on amount of ownership. The alternative is for people to share their resources. This may scare many people who fear their possessions will be carried away by people who just don't want to work, but this is based on fear and greed rather than an actual experience with the possibilities of sharing. Each of us has skills and material resources which others don't have. Each of us enjoys doing things that others don't enjoy at all. Through conversations of consent, which determine community desires and those willing to participate, the resources for the task can then be determined. If someone has a tool for the task which others don't have, then it is in the community's interest to find ways to use this tool rather than going out and buying another one. Since everyone is entering into the consensual agreement with their own resources, a discussion of what can be shared is necessary.

To do this, a spirit of caregiving must prevail. This is in contrast to the duties of the traditional family. In the traditional family each person is assigned a role, whether they can do it or not, and whether they like it or not. And in the traditional family if a tool is needed for a task then you just go out and buy it. Intentional community activity differs completely. A task is determined by those who choose to participate and the tools to do the job are brought by those participating. Only if a tool cannot be found within the community would it ever be purchased. This also stimulates creativity in finding alternative ways of completing a task. If the focus is on conservation rather than consumerism, then art, craft, science, and other internal resources become more important. These internal resources are brought to the task by those who possess them, in the same way the material resources are brought. It all depends on the people involved being inspired by community caregiving.

It also removes the feeling that one is imprisoned by one's family. For many people the biological family has nothing in common with their own values, but they feel compelled to be faithful for reasons of social pressure. Feeling like a prisoner is hardly conducive to love and communication is always difficult if you feel you have no choice. However, this pathetic scenario is what most of us call our families. We muddle along wondering why we can't communicate with these people. All they want to talk about is marriage and children and the shopping mall. Rarely is the slightest interest ever given to the emotional and spiritual life of those involved, (especially if those involved are not married, don't have children, and are presumed queer). To bring up the subject of the environmental and emotional wasteland of this situation is like shitting on the carpet. It just isn't done.

In contrast, chosen families of friends provide the companionship of shared love and values, as well as the more practical aspects of shared resources. This new focus will lead us towards new definitions of love and friendship. Pregnancy and marriage will no longer be the highlight of conversations. Instead, issues of our personal struggles and the conversations of consent will prevail. Our ability to love more than one person, each in different ways, will unfold & be respected as a legitimate

alternative. These new role models of relationships, which go beyond the artificial scarcity of monogamy, allow for the full potential of love and community. And they allow our needs to be determined by ourselves rather than being prescribed by the latest advertising campaign. From there, we can begin to face the problems of the environment as a community of caring individuals. Pillaging in the name of traditional family values will end. And the earth will be cared for and not used as an exploitable commodity.

These ideas contradict corporate heterosexism and the rape mentality of the patriarchal power structure so they will be called communistic and therefore impotent. But the imperative is clear. Heterosexuality can lead to pregnancy which increases the population. The population is then led into isolation through the nuclear family and mindless consumerism becomes the sole source of entertainment. This shopping in a social vacuum then creates a toxic environment. (And what could be more vacuous than that temple of heterosexist culture...the shopping mall?)

If everyone weren't busy making payments on the latest advertised special, they might just look around and see the social and ecological garbage dump we live in. Of course, many people are aware of these problems and this is indicated even within corporate heterosexist institutions by recent advertising promotions, such as "Shop Green" and recycling campaigns. But these efforts are simply posing as social consciousness. Most green shopping is ludicrous. It promotes the same products which are re-designed with graphics of trees and lakes and birds so they "look natural", with no real change made in the effect they have on the environment. Discontinuing these products is never mentioned as a solution. The pollution and the poisons remain but are packaged as environmentally friendly....

Consumerism becomes a drug of denial for many queers who wish desperately to fit in, but are unsure of any alternatives and fear the rejection of heterosexist society. They feel they will become whole once they own the exact products that are promoted for the nuclear family and have children just like on TV. They lavish themselves with the privileges of consumerism to wash away the perceived stain of their queerness.

And they do it at the cost of their self-respect and liberation.....

It's time for the denial to stop. Everything is not OK the way it is and it's time heterosexuals saw their role in the destruction of society and the environment. And it's time we got the heteros answering the same accusations they have placed against us. We've listened to them call us unnatural (against nature) for too long. Let's look at the facts, shall we? Heterosexuality brought those 250,00 children into the world today. The hetero-fantasy promoted the birth of those children without regarding the effects of their decision. This, in turn, is causing the environment to collapse due to overpopulation. If the planet is indeed a living organism, then heterosexism is the disease which is killing the organism. And, for too long, queers have been treated as the diseased element in society, when in fact the opposite is true.

Communities which value diversity in personal relationships and nurture people's imagination and creativity will find it easier to survive in these days of scarce resources. Consensual agreements based on discussions of values and feeling within the community and personal relationships will create new possibilities and opportunities. People will be freed from the drudgery of marriages and stereotypical role models and be valued for their individual worth, without the constraints these marriages and stereotypes place on activities.

This frees us from the assumptions which are placed by heterosexism that men are dominant and women are subordinate, (and any sign of femininity, whether in men or women, is considered weak, and therefore open for exploitation.) This in turn discourages the rape mentality prevalent today. If everyone is valued as a whole person without the pre-existing stereotypes of heterosexism, and consent must be formed between individuals to determine social behavior then rape becomes extinct. And further, if the political and economic structures were to value each living person and stop promoting the nuclear family, conducting business with the same rules of consent, wars would eventually fade from the landscape.

Unless we want the slow painful path to destruction we're currently on to continue, we will take heed of these suggestions. Death may come in a second but it may also linger and the wars ravaging the earth will spread. Heterosupremacy may lead us to nuclear annihilation and the diverse alternatives of consensual relationships may lead us away from the madness. It's time to embrace these alternatives now, before the next one billion babies arrive.

The night watchman by :fiver:

(Fiver spent some years in Arizona, & decided to write something about his experiences here. Enjoy!! :D)

Being a runner in Arizona's summer requires a certain respect for the weather. My daily jaunt usually took place late at night, when the temperature had "cooled" to the high 90's.

I was living in an apartment complex a mile west of downtown Tempe and Arizona State University. Because the neighborhood was a mix of students and low-income residents, most apartment developments employed security guards to patrol the streets.

I met my complex's rent-a-cop one night while I was cooling down after a run. Most security guards seem to be overweight policeman wannabes with an attitude, but fortunately for me, Kevin was 180 degrees away from this stereotype.

His tall, thin figure ambled toward me as I stretched against the wall outside my studio apartment. Once I caught a glimpse of his cute face, I snuck a glance at his hands- no ring! We exchanged greetings and he seemed amenable to at least a little conversation, probably wanting to make a good impression on any resident he chanced upon during his rounds.

As we chatted about the weather and my running, I sized up this welcome interruption in my routine. Kevin was about six-foot-one and his tight-fitting uniform revealed a trim body, maybe 165 pounds. I learned that he would be working for the summer, four days a

week, from 11 pm to 6am. As we parted, I invited him to "drop by anytime" for something cold to drink. He said he'd keep that in mind. "Anytime the lights are on, you're welcome to stop by," I insisted.

The next night I dressed in my skimpiest singlet and shorts. I pushed especially hard to work up the greatest sweat possible. By the time I finished my workout, my singlet was plastered to my chest, while my New Zealand splits shorts were dripping sweat and hanging from my hips in such a way that the outline of my penis was provocatively presented.

Now, if only Kevin would come along. Just as I began to worry that I might have to spend the night outside my door, I spotted Kevin turning the corner of my block. I moved into a stretch that I hoped would make me look rather fetching, and nervously awaited Kevin's arrival. It occurred to me that he might be turned off by my less than subtle come-on. But, hey, what was the worst that could happen? I figured Kevin would either say Hi and keep going or he'd stop and check me out.

"Jeez, how far did you run? You're soaking wet!" Kevin exclaimed. "Oh, just six miles, but I guess it's more humid tonight," I replied. I told Kevin I was dying of thirst and wanted to get something to drink. "Can I get you a cold can of pop?"

Yeah, that'd be nice," he said. Kevin followed me inside my small apartment. As he sat sipping his diet soda, I leaned against the kitchen counter, thrusting my groin just the tiniest bit in his direction. I knew my pose was achieving its intended effect because Kevin's crotch began to expand quite noticeably.

Suddenly, however, Kevin rose and headed for the door. "I better get back to my beat. Thanks for the drink," he said. Momentarily flustered, all I could manage before he left was, "You're welcome back anytime." Once Kevin had gone, I retreated, disappointed, to the bathroom for a wank and a shower before hitting the sack.

A knock on the door invaded my dream. A second knock brought me into a hazy consciousness. My clock radio glowed 6:13 am. As I mumbled, "Coming", I slipped on a pair of undershorts and opened up the door to find Kevin smiling in the dawn's early light. "Hi!" I blurted, truly surprised to see him. "I'm sorry to wake you, but I was hoping to bum another soda from you. It was really warm tonight and I didn't have change for the machine at the pool," he explained. In fact, Kevin's dark blue uniform was streaked with sweat, especially in the middle of his back and under his arms.

"You look like you've been running," I joked. "Yeah, I sure could use a shower. I bet I smell, too," Kevin said. "Why don't you shower here?," I offered. "No sense sweating all the way home." Kevin agreed, and when he closed the bathroom door to undress, I lay on my bed and tried to plot a strategy to clean his cock with my mouth.

When Kevin emerged it's in the bathroom, he wore only a towel around his waist that failed to hide a nice bulge. "If you don't mind, I'd like to let my skin breathe a little before getting back into that damp uniform," he said.

I didn't mind at all, gazing at Kevin's lightly muscled torso, his long legs and, especially, the rather large mound between his legs. I hoped desperately that the towel would somehow fall from his waist and reveal what I just knew had to be a long, lean piece of male beef. My crotch betrayed my lewd thoughts and I felt my cock growing in my briefs.

Kevin laughed and said, "It looks like you could use a cold shower yourself!" I tried to excuse myself by saying, "I guess my cock is trying to let me know it's time for his morning workout." "I think mine could use a little exercise, too," he said. Kevin then opened the towel to reveal a half-hard specimen of manmeat. He pulled on his dick until it stood straight up. I knew I had to share that eight-inch rod and coax his sizable balls into yielding their cache of goeey manjuice.

The boyishly attractive security guard looked me right in the eyes. "I like jerking off, but what I really love is having my cock sucked by a hot mouth," he intoned. "I'll bet you're just the kind of guy who could do justice to this big dick of mine."

He approached the bed and I moved to a sitting position, reaching out to fondle Kevin's rigid pole. It was hot and hard. I surrounded his mushroom tip with my lips and gradually took as

much of his thick cock as I could without gagging. My right hand stroked his shaft while my left dipped into my briefs to massage my own quivering five-inch boner.

I licked and sucked and nibbled Kevin's huge dick with abandon. He pushed my head deep down onto his cock just as he gushed wave after wave of thick creamy cum down my throat.

Kevin plopped down in a chair near the bed and said something that brought an end to my hopes that he would reciprocate. "My girlfriend is nice and all, but she won't go down on me. We fuck, but she won't do what I really want." Kevin added, "besides having my cock sucked, I really want to fuck her ass." That got my cock hard again-that and Kevin's move to the bed, motioning me to stand. "When I saw your ass in those wet shorts last night, I knew you must be really tight. Are you the kind of boy who wants a real man's cock up his ass?" Before I could answer, Kevin put his hand inside my underpants, his long middle finger probing for my asshole. He found it, eliciting a whimper of submission from me.

I lubed my ass while Kevin covered his massive dong with a condom. He gently pushed me onto my back and lifted my legs against his shoulders. I was bent double as his cock met my assring. I briefly protested the pain caused by his thick

meat pushing past it, but Kevin grabbed my wrists and continued to push until he was deep inside me. Gradually, pleasure replaced pain and my body rocked to the rhythm set by Kevin's fucking cock.

Once Kevin relinquished his grip on my wrists, I started stroking myself. Helped by the pounding my prostate gland was taking, my love juice squirted almost to my chin, running down my chest to pool at my navel. As Kevin neared climax, he pulled out of my ass, slipped off the rubber, and masturbated until his own copious load flew out, landing all over me and mingling with the much smaller wad I had shot.

Kevin was a horny guy and I was happy to give him what his girlfriend wouldn't. Soon, however, I met Richard, an ASU Junior, who gave as good as he got.



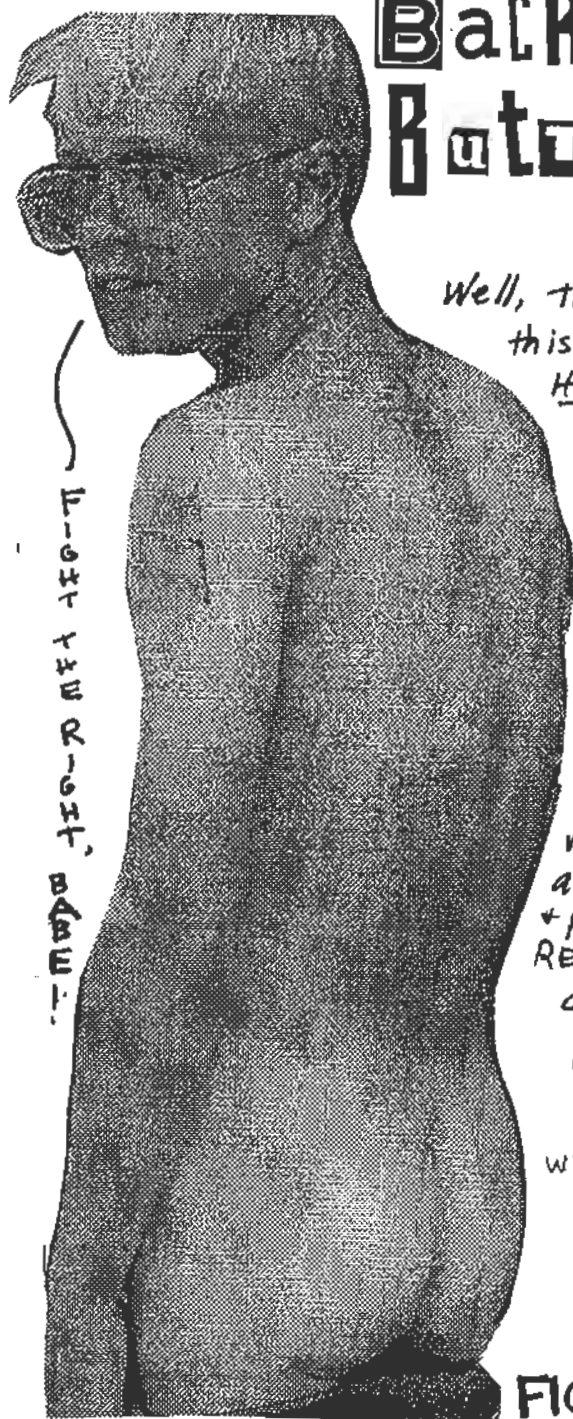
Back page Butt-Boy

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